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THE HUMAN CRISIS

WE are all in it together, atheists as well as theists. That is the hint to be found, we think, in the sermon by the late Dr. L. P. Jacks we are privileged to print overleaf. Consequently the self-acknowledged sincere atheist is helping the religious man and the religious man is helping the atheist. The latter when he has the courage to be sincere says with passion there is no God, and he is prepared to face the universe and act on that assumption. The modern atheist, when he really is what he says he is (which is so very rare), does not need the religious man to draw for him the conclusions of his own belief; he can do that so much better for himself. He says, as by Bertrand Russell, quoted by Dr. Jacks, and as by those terrifying modern Frenchmen, Sartre and Camus, there is no God, and he is prepared to draw the necessary conclusions, as the modern Frenchmen do more brutally than the Englishman. The supreme atheistical conclusion is that if there is no God then there is only man, and not man in the lump, for every man is divided from every other man, but man by himself, individual, lonely and isolated. And because he is lonely and isolated there is no moral law whatever. He can invent what he chooses, and live by it or not live by it, just as he chooses. He can treat life like a game of cards, or any other game, invent a few rules, and persuade a few other people to play it with him, just to get some passing "fun." Or, if there is no God, he need not invent a single rule, but can please himself (why should he not and who is there to say him nay?), and end up in the misery that Sartre and Camus know so well how to depict.

The real atheist, that of the living French type, does not want the lady English theologians to put him right, or for that matter the lady English humanists; he knows more about his inner condition and the conclusions to be drawn from it than they can ever guess at. For the real religious man he depicts the total horror and terror of atheism; the kind of horror and terror from which there is no possible escape.

Not Atheism or Religion

The secularized-Christianity of England is not atheism, and it is not religion; it is a flabby-living on the capital of the past. It uses in a flabby, conventionalized way the morality of Christendom without having the courage to admit its debt or deny its ultimate source. It keeps the churches tucked around the corner to use them in case of need, or as convention suggests for marriages or deaths, or to be brought out on occasions of state for state pur-

poses, when the religion of the fathers—which struck exaltation and terror into those who used it—is turned into a "moving" cosy feeling of at-one-ness together.

Or if atheism is too horrible to run into, or a secularized-Christianity too hollow for any authentic feeling and thinking man to pass off as a religion, then some kind of emotional makeshift is invented. Social Progress with capital letters is thought up, or Communism with a mighty sham display of historic forces is adopted, and men try to feel that they are going somewhere and doing something for some particular reason.

Only if we are in it

We are all in it together only if we are actually in it; and the crisis of our day is that of the atheist who sees no God and draws the consequences, and the religious man who passionately believes in God but knows full well that the human spirit is passing through a trial of belief. Those who use the stereotypes of the past with all real feeling and thinking drained out of them, or the imitative actions of the neighbour, are out of it; there is no crisis for them; save that of the spectator who helplessly looks on at the hydrogen bomb and wonders what is going to happen to him, or tries to understand the passing events the popular headlines give him. The fact is, that the ultimate truth that men lived by seems ultimate no longer only and just because it has to be understood afresh. It is as true a reading of history as any other that the higher knowledge of God, and consequently the growing higher life of man is only attained through an apparent crisis of the human spirit when God appears to desert man, or man has to find his way to God again; or, as Sir Winston Churchill expressed it last week, God appears to weary of man. This is the message and the experience of the Bible.

It is the message, if we mistake not, of the sermon of Dr. Jacks. It was preached in the 'twenties. It uses the vision of the seer for the understanding of the spiritual crisis. Needs and answers are heard in the undertones and overtones of the words used. There is a veil to be seen through and salvation is only attained through that perception. To pass through the veil is to discover a new exaltation and a new creative power on a different level from that of the past.

To assume that there is nothing new happening in the life of religion is to assume that the power of human universal mass destruction, does not exist. Merely to state that, is to make starkly clear that past insights in their past form can no longer serve.

THE MESSAGE

(On November 3, 1929, the late Dr. L. P. Jacks, then in his sixty-eighth year, preached the anniversary sermon at the Richmond Unitarian Church. A member of the congregation took the sermon down verbatim in shorthand. It has been preserved, and through the kindness of a reader we are here able to produce it practically in full. It is a characteristic utterance of Dr. Jacks in his later years.)

I AM going to speak to you this morning on words which you have already heard once, in the first of our lessons: "When I consider the work of Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained; what is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visitest him?"

One of the early writers on education was a certain Richard Record who flourished in the time of Mary and Elizabeth. In a book which he called "The Castle of Learning" Record contends that astronomy is an essential part of a liberal education, and especially in the education of Ministers of religion. This was in 1556. The effect of the study of astronomy, he says, will be twofold. In the first place it will moderate human pride and self importance; and in the second place, it will fill the mind with a sense of the majesty of God. And both these, he says, are essential to a liberal education. We should have a due sense of our own small importance in the world, and an equally profound sense of the majesty of God.

About a century later, the French philosopher, Descartes, gave very similar advice to one of his many lady friends, who was in the habit of corresponding with him. This lady had asked him to lay down a rule for the daily conduct of her life, and this was the answer which he gave: "Begin every day by meditating for a few minutes on the majesty of God as displayed in the mighty works of His creation."

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I think that was good advice. In the vast perspective that opens out for us when we contemplate these mighty works of God, mean thoughts and mean actions have no place.

When Richard Record made his plea for including astronomy in the liberal education, especially in the education of ministers of religion, the discoveries of Copernicus had just been made. Copernicus, as you know, discovered that the universe is vastly greater than man had previously supposed it to be; while the earth is very much smaller, in comparison, than all the rest. In those days, of course, such discoveries were very slow to win their way into the public mind. To-day they would be published in every newspaper and broadcasted all over the world before the end of the week. But the few learned men who did get to know about these discoveries were profoundly moved by them; they were greatly excited; they were like Stout Cortes, "silent on a peak in Darien".

The dogmatists were frightened by these discoveries, but all free men rejoiced when they heard. Believing in God, as most men then did, a new vision of the divine majesty seemed suddenly to burst upon them. Their first thought, and their first desire, naturally, was that all those whose business it was to minister to the worship of God should share in the vision and communicate the power and the splendour of it to the people at large. That is why Richard Record was so anxious that Ministers of religion should begin the study of astronomy; it would give them the sense of the majesty of God.

Now, in all that, you will observe they took the belief in God for granted. It never occurred to them to have any doubt about that. It seemed to them that astronomy could

have no other effect than just to enhance the glory of God. They had no foresight in those days of a coming time when the same study of astronomy, combined with a mechanical theory of the universe would have the opposite effect on many great minds of persuading them that no God existed at all. They did not foresee that. They assumed that God would always remain in the background of this great vision of the universe; but it has not been so.

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Listen to this passage from the writings of that powerful writer, Mr. Bertrand Russell, one of the most extensively equipped scientific thinkers of the present day: "We see," writes Mr. Russell, "we see surrounding our narrow raft, illumined by the flickering light of human comradeship, the dark ocean on whose rolling waves we toss for a brief hour. From the great night without, a chill blast breaks in upon our refuge. All the loneliness of humanity, amid hostile forces, is concentrated upon the individual soul, which must struggle alone with what courage it can command, against the whole weight of the universe which cares nothing for its hopes and fears."

That is how the study of astronomy and its connecting sciences has taught some of our best minds to think of the human race. We are apparently a crew of shipwrecked mariners, tossing about in the night on the rolling waves of a hostile ocean, an ocean without bottom and without shore, swept by the cruel tempests ready to devour us at any moment. That is what the study of astronomy has led some of our best minds to think. A depressing view, is it not?

And yet there is one thing that reassures us, and gives me great comfort. It is the fact that one of these shipwrecked mariners had it in him to write the splendid passage that I have just read to you. I think that passage is a very good performance for a shipwrecked mariner on a raft. Only a great soul could be as unhappy as that; only a god-like being could experience such pain, such loneliness, such a desertion as that passage expresses. And I think Mr. Bertrand Russell



Dr. L. P. Jacks at ninety

is paying a very high compliment to the rest of us who are shipwrecked along with him on the raft, when he credits us with being able to understand what he means and to respond to it. I think he pays us a high compliment, we fellows-in-distress; for we do understand what he means, I think. We can respond to it, can we not? That loneliness of which Mr. Russell speaks, the loneliness of the shipwrecked mariner in the midst of the ocean? You know what he means, do you not? Is there a grown man or woman in this congregation to-day who has never uttered the cry from out of the depth of his being: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Schubert, in that beautiful song which we heard a few minutes ago, expressed just that loneliness.

And I observe that Professor Whitehead, in one of his profound books, tells that Religion is what a man does with his loneliness—a rather striking definition.

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Well, we all know what loneliness is, though some of us perhaps have not done anything with it that we could call religion. On the whole then, I feel disposed to congratulate Mr. Bertrand Russell on the way in which he plays the part of the shipwrecked mariner. I congratulate him on his heroic bearing in the midst of these conditions. And I congratulate him also on the high respect he shows to his brothers in distress, by talking as though they were all heroes like himself. I think that is very significant.

I feel, somehow, after reading that passage, that we shipwrecked mariners have no reason to be ashamed of ourselves, no reason to despair of ourselves, shipwrecked though we are, with nothing but a frail raft between us and the pitiless immensity around us. We have no reason to be ashamed. All the great ideals of humanity are born in pangs; and as we read that passage, we see one of those great ideals coming to birth amid the pangs of the human soul; and I say to myself: It was God who did that, it was God who wrecked that ship; it was God who blew His tempests and drove them on the rocks; it was God who built the raft which is saving us from drowning—a point not to be overlooked—it was God who hurled the vessel of our imperfect thoughts to destruction, and who blew in the same breath upon Mr. Russell and inspired these brave words that he speaks to you. If that ship had been wafted prosperously to one of the Fortunate Isles, and if Mr. Russell had been landed on its pleasant shores, with all his baggage intact, that splendid passage would never have been written. You and I would never have heard it, and the whole universe would have been the poorer for not having it.

It was God who did all that. The old Psalmist has just the same thought: "Come," he says, "and see the mighty works of the Lord; what desolation He has wrought in the earth."

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In the pictures that are now being so plentifully drawn by literary people about the confused state of the modern mind, pictures which often seem to me to be inspired by a sheer delight in picturing confusion—in these pictures, the faith of the modern man, his religious faith, is commonly represented as having collapsed through the process of interior decomposition; like an old house which has grown rotten and collapsed—I suggest to you that this idea of a mere collapse is a mistake. I suggest to you that God Himself is the positive author of all that ruin. I suggest to you that God's peculiar revelation to the present age is taking just that form—the form of a tempest which shatters our illusion—God is blowing with His winds. They are being scattered; and people like Mr. Bertrand Russell are His appointed messengers. He makes (as the Psalmist says) His Angels the wind, and His messengers a flaming fire; He rides on the wings of the storm, and is shattering our delusions about Himself.

What we are witnessing to-day is not the collapse of faith through interior rottenness, but the shattering by God

Himself of delusions about God. God was never nearer to man than He is at the present moment; God was never more active in human affairs than He is in this shattering of belief that is going on to-day; and these staggering revelations of immensity which the new astronomy is revealing to us are one of the many forms, perhaps the chief of them, in which God is loosing His tempests and launching them upon the modern mind. The tempests of God—the Spirit is at work in all that. God is at the beginning of a new creation, and it may be that many old creations have to be hurled into ruin before the new world can be made.

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Richard Record's advice to make astronomy a part of everybody's education has not been followed, and one often wonders what would have happened if it had been. Even in our University of Oxford, theologians can take the finest degree in the theological schools without knowing a thing about astronomy. The truth is that theology has never been on friendly terms with astronomy; remember the action of the Inquisition in the old days when they suppressed Galileo for saying that the earth moved round the sun. That sort of thing, of course, is not possible to-day, but I often think that the spirit of it still shows itself in places where you would not expect it to be. Astronomers are no longer persecuted as they used to be, but Dean Inge has said truly that the official theologians of Christendom have never fully assimilated the truth that the earth moved round the sun; and I think he was right.

And as to that kind of theology which calls itself liberal, its attitude towards those astounding revelations often seems to me to bear a rather close resemblance to the attitude of the ostrich when it puts its head in the sand to avoid its dangerous pursuer; although, of course, in this case, the medium in which people put their heads is not sand but a cloud of pious theology. Precisely what we so often do when we are confronted by the fact of Death—the next greatest fact in the universe to the universe itself. How often do we just put our heads in the sand when confronted by that tremendous fact of Death.

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Well, these revelations are unquestionably disturbing. I must confess that I find them so myself. They are staggering and disturbing, but I think it is precisely what God means it to be, at least at first. And so, in conclusion, I will suggest to you two or three thoughts which may possibly have the effect of mitigating the disturbance which these vast revelations are apt to have in your minds.

If ever you find yourself overwhelmed by the immensity which the astronomer reveals, I would ask you not to forget the astronomer who tells you all about it; and by the astronomer, I do not mean Sir James Jeans or Professor Eddington in particular. I mean the astronomical mind as it has worked continuously through 3,000 years, and of which Jeans and Eddington are just the latest spokesmen. I suggest to you that this astronomical mind is no less wonderful than the universe which is revealed to us; and that whether you think of the universe or whether you think of the mind which has revealed it to us, you are equally in the presence of the majesty of God. So that you can begin your day, if you follow Descartes' advice, by meditating on the majesty of God as revealed either in the universe or in the human mind. That is the first suggestion that I would make to you, by way of forgetting the disturbance which the mere immensity of the world might cause when you are first confronted by it.

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Secondly, I would ask you to reflect that this amazing universe, illuminated by the light of the astronomical mind, is your home and that you belong to it, and belong to it so closely that you can almost say it belongs to you. You will

reflect that you are not a stranger in this universe; you are not one that has just happened to wander into it from some other sphere. You are at home here. Nay, it is something more than your home, it is your parent. Your history—your history as a human individual, if you trace it to its source, will be found to send its roots far beyond the history of this planet earth into the deepest vistas of time and into the remotest collection of primitive nebulae. Your history as a human individual, according to Professor Eddington, covers a period of at least three thousand million years. All that time, you have been in the making. You are not a being bounded by this little earth. You are in very truth a cosmic being. Plato saw that long ago. Plato said that man is a "child of the stars". And Wordsworth, in his "Ode to Immortality", had the same thought: "Our being . . . has its origin afar." His "Ode to Immortality" is just a song of a child of the stars.



My next suggestion might seem to you somewhat questionable. Remembering that you are a child of the stars and that the entire universe is your parental home, the question is what are you doing on this "inconsiderable speck of dust" that we call the earth? What you are doing is this: You are paying this earth a short visit in the course of the long journey through which your immortal soul is passing as a child of the universe, a child of God. I suggest that you are paying the earth a brief visit.

I would ask you to meditate on the conception of man as a traveller through many worlds, of which this is one; a traveller who has arrested his journey for a few brief years, to take part in the interesting little drama that is going on on the surface of this planet. That seems to me to be the profoundest conception of man I know of—of man as a traveller through many worlds, of which this is one. With that conception before you, there is no need to put your heads in the sand when you hear the word "Death" mentioned. When death happens, you will change your stations, you will pass the frontier and you will go on to a new destination to pay a visit elsewhere. Where you will go, I have no notion at all, but wherever you go, the passport of the "child of the stars" will carry you past the frontier and you will again find yourself.

A good deal has recently been written in the newspapers about our Message, Our Message. I have a confession to make to you about that. As I grow old and draw nearer to the time when I must change stations and cross the frontier, I become more and more interested in that great Message which the universe is speaking to me. I bother less and less about my own message and try to listen more and more to the Message that is addressed to me. And I become less and less interested in the message of the Unitarian denomination, or any other denomination. The other seems to me of so much more importance—so much more important to listen to, the message that is being spoken to us than to bother about the message which we have to speak.

What that Message seems to say to me, when I hear it, and sometimes I think I do, is all about the majesty of God and the immortality of the soul. Then I feel in my pocket, so to speak, to make sure that my passport as a "child of the stars" is there, and I put my trust in that. I put my trust in that to carry me across the frontier, and to give me the right of entry into the next mansion that awaits me in my Father's vast and hospitable house.

Notes

Dr. Dorothy Tarrant, a past President of the General Assembly of Unitarian and Free Christian Churches, has been made an Honorary Fellow of Girton College, Cambridge.

There is no Unitarian Church in the Malvera district. We have been asked to say that Harold and Sheila Steele, of Mount House, St. Ann's Hill, Great Malvera, would welcome to their home any Unitarian serving in the forces in the near-by district.

COMMENT

B.B.C. and Alcoholic Jokes

WHEN the Friends Temperance Union interviewed the Director-General of the B.B.C. with regard to the B.B.C. references to drink, they were told that the B.B.C. staff were instructed that they should allow a reasonable number of jokes and gags about drink, but that they must be careful not to overdo them, or to allow them in a wrong setting. I can't help feeling that undue latitude has been taken by the staff in interpretation of this guidance. It is not very often that I listen to the allegedly humorous programmes, but apart from a choice few, I have usually ended by turning off, so great is my annoyance at the silliness of the jokes which, judging from the noise, seem to cause the audience in the studio to be doubled up in fits of uncontrollable laughter.

In that type of joke are to be numbered most of those about liquor; it seems almost impossible for some comedians to mention the fact of having a drink of beer without waiting for an avalanche of laughter. I was surprised, however, to hear that in twelve weeks the B.B.C. had made 1,135 references to alcoholic drinks, of which 598 were listed by the Friends as "undesirable", most of these, no doubt, being regarded as jokes. If that is not "overdoing" it, I don't know what is. One realizes that in the present state of public opinion, a B.B.C. programme cannot be run wholly on Band of Hope principles, but some of the jokes mentioned by the Friends in their statement were objectionable from many angles, such as "Last year I made a New Year resolution to give up drinking—I've failed, I'm glad to say". The Friends Temperance Union deserves our thanks for supporting with definite facts and proper action efforts to make the B.B.C. even more of an educative force than it already is.

A Name "Writ in Water"

One of the most remarkable facts about literary criticism and biography during the past few years is the extraordinary attention paid to the life and work of John Keats. I have just been reading one of these works, and I have been impressed again and again by the loss we British people have suffered from the literary point of view by Keat's illness and early death. It is not very creditable to us to have to think that there was a time during Keat's last illness in Rome when the possession of even ten shillings would have seemed to ensure his comfort; and yet, though the great Tory literary journals decried him, largely on account of his friendship with Leigh Hunt, the Radical, some of the best critics, such as Hazlitt and Charles Lamb, were ready to give him his true place.

What impresses me, however, is the power of deep thought he possessed at so early an age. Just think of that passage in one of his letters about those who describe this world as a "vale of tears" from which we are to be redeemed by a certain arbitrary interposition of God and taken to Heaven—"What a little circumscribed straightened notion! Call the world, if you please, 'The Vale of Soul-making'." How many there are, too, who could well take to heart his account of a dispute he had with a friend: "Several things dovetailed in my mind, and at once it struck me what quality went to form a Man of Achievement. . . . I mean Negative Capability, that is, when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable straining after fact and reason." All this from a young man about twenty years old. Some may object to his high spirits at times, but I like to think of him fighting the butcher's boy in a lane at Hampstead (and getting a black eye in the process) for ill-treating a kitten; and on another occasion, his finding a man with a broken leg while on a walk, and setting it, in a friend's words, "in a masterly manner".

Communal Abolitions

There was one passage in this book about Keats that amused me from a personal point of view, quite unconnected

with Keats and his poetry. I think I have mentioned in this column that my maternal grandfather was born in Kirkcudbrightshire. It was in the year 1836, at a small port called Creetown. You will therefore judge my interest when I read that eighteen years earlier, when Keats and his friend Brown were on their walking tour through Scotland, they passed through this village. There they came upon a crowd of men, women and children, so large that it looked like an emigration. On making inquiries they found that at high tide each day the whole population of the village went down to wash themselves on the shore, separating the sexes by a high jutting rock. The friends thought that this was a thing to be admired and wondered at in an era when cleanliness of person was not yet a rule of life.

I find it difficult to think that people who had so much fresh water near them as have the inhabitants of those southern counties of Scotland would hardly have "washed" themselves, in the ordinary sense of the word, in sea water. At that time, however, there was considerable development in some of the chief towns of the country, such as Dalbeattie and Castle Douglas, and I am inclined to think that this was a public-spirited action on the part of the inhabitants of Creetown to try to make it the equivalent in the North of what Brighton had become in the South. Keats thought highly of the people themselves, but lamented the sternness of the clerical denomination under which they lived. *Commentator.*

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

By A. Elliott Peaston

HAD I the pen of Laurence Sterne I might well attempt another "Sentimental Journey". This is how one feels after a brief visit to Dublin. For two days I have sojourned in that fair city where the girls are so pretty, and where men and women alike, of all classes, have the manners of gentlefolk. An old verger, in Christ Church Cathedral, addressed me with the mellow charm of an elder statesman at the Foreign Office.

Perhaps the inheritance of good breeding is fostered by the eighteenth century buildings that give Dublin such poise and dignity. The poorest Dubliner may live in a tenement. But his slum may well be a lovely Georgian house fallen on evil days. Modern Dublin is the thriving capital of a Republic. But the spirit of the old aristocrat has not been exorcized.

The visitor by train from Belfast lands at Amiens Street station. The very street recalls the Peace of Amiens, and the war with Napoleon. He finds his way to the magnificent O'Connell Street still dominated by the victor of Trafalgar on his column. Across the river there is Trinity College, that superb Elizabethan foundation. Outside the gates statues of Burke and Goldsmith keep silent vigil.

The Unitarian visitor will surely wish to see his own church, a handsome building in a felicitous situation facing Stephen's Green. He will recall that this is the church of Martineau. Should he enquire his way he may well hear something in appreciation of the present minister, the Rev. E. Savell Hicks. For Mr. Hicks is something of a Dublin celebrity. He is, among other things, a well-known broadcaster, and vice-chairman of the Irish Kennel Club. This month, *The Irish Tatler and Sketch* devotes a full page to his achievements.

The journey to Stephen's Green can, however, be slow if the visitor be accompanied by his wife. For the shops of Grafton Street are a joy to any woman, and a menace to any man. I saw a bishop in Grafton Street looking extremely bored. His wife was making a pilgrimage to Switzer's—where money can buy anything.

But the Unitarian husband has much with which to occupy his thoughts. As he gazes at the elegant street he can recall with pride the noble name it bears.

Augustus Henry Fitzroy, third Duke of Grafton, was prime minister under George III from 1767 to 1770. Strenuously he opposed the king's disastrous colonial policy. When he discovered his counsels were unavailing he resigned his seals of office, and was coldly bowed out of the royal presence. Grafton might well have saved the American colonies for Britain. In 1768 he was elected Chancellor of Cambridge University. But of greater interest to us is his conversion to Unitarianism and his faithful attendance for some years at Essex Street Chapel, London. With the Rev. Mr. Lindsey, His Grace was on terms of affectionate intimacy. It is good to record that the first Unitarian prime minister was true to the ideal of public service our faith inculcates. His benefactions to charity were munificent, but unostentatious. No sentimental journey could conclude more happily than with thoughts of such a man.

A CALL TO WOMEN

By G. I. Bennett

IT has often been said that, if women would assert themselves more in the affairs of men, we should get a world nearer to the yearnings of our hearts. Miss Edith Hooper May is a lady who has thought that since her youth. And so convinced is she of the signal part that women can play in shaping the future that over the last three years and more she has published and edited her own quarterly magazine, *Speaking of Women*,* inspired by the belief that "without woman's participation in thought and action no crisis can be overcome, or civilization advanced."

When she was a girl (or little more than a girl), she tells me, she was seized with the desire to know what "women of culture in other countries were doing; for in those days half the women of the world were unaware of what the other half were doing." Of Quaker parentage and upbringing, she was filled with admiration, she says, for "the splendid work done by the pioneer women who had so often to fight their way through prejudice to accomplish their aims for world betterment."

That was the trouble—the high-minded woman's isolation, physical, intellectual, and spiritual, from women of kindred spirit. There was need to bring them together, to concert their efforts, to provide a medium whereby they could know what women of their type and outlook were doing elsewhere in the country and in the world at large. So it was that Miss May came to start her own journal.

Speaking of Women is an informative and well-produced periodical, which bears the words "Dedicated to women of high endeavour." It is a new international magazine—the first of its kind—aiming "to link up women of every nation through their activities towards Peace and Friendship." Each issue carries a little character study of famous or otherwise worthy women in history, the first of the series being Elizabeth Fry, whose sterling work for prison reform and for charity is well-enough known. In the current January number Mr. Arthur H. Pye contributes Part II of his biographical sketch of "Two Suffolk Sisters," Elizabeth and Millicent Garrett.

I think that such a publication as hers is an act of faith—faith in the ability of women to lift life above the merely drab pursuit of personal gain, and above the sordid game of power politics in which human values are ruthlessly trampled upon, and the right of the individual to think and act as he conscientiously would for the benefit and happiness of his kind is contemptuously dismissed.

In a world that is still very much of a man's world Miss May's magazine is a brave venture. It is in the hope of making it better known, and thereby contributing to its success, that I have written these lines.

* Annual subscription 10s. 6d., obtainable from Miss E. H. May, The Wick, Hutton Mount, nr. Brentwood, Essex.

CORRESPONDENCE

Letters should be addressed to the Editor, "The Inquirer," 14 Gordon Square, London W.C.1. They should not in general exceed three to four hundred words in length.

Huxley's Last Word

SIR,—Mr. Basil Viney says: "The most plausible theory is that at the moment of conception a supernatural (or at least super-material) mental entity takes control." If our reason and insight do not enable us to accept such a realistic view of human nature, Mr. Viney will label us, along with Professor Julian Huxley, "materialists".

Labels do not matter; what does matter is that Mr. Viney denies "materialists" the right to a sense of "wonder and mystery", as being inconsistent. I recommend to Mr. Viney's attention Sir Charles Sherrington's book "Man on his Nature": it is a striking example that the sense of wonder and mystery in a "materialist" can reach heights and depths undreamed of by more "spiritually"-minded people.—Yours,

Rochester, Kent.

Inge Hyde.

SIR,—Rev. Basil Viney's letter raises what is surely a most important point. Material philosophy can only be countered by a religion which presents as well as lives out, a coherent philosophy of God, nature and man, presented not as dogma but as a reasonable hypothesis.

In any such philosophy the immortal soul of man must surely be the corner stone. Eternal life is in no sense possible without it. While on earth man is a dual entity just as salt water is a dual entity. Conflict is usual, but the body may become the instrument of the informing soul who comes from beyond and returns thither.—Yours,

Hove.

E. A. Martin.

THE INQUIRER

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NEWS REVIEW

The Belfast Congress, 1955

The International Association for Liberal Christianity and Religious Freedom has issued the programme for the Congress which is to be held in Belfast from July 23 to 28, 1955. Its theme is "Liberal Christianity in an Age of Anxiety".

The conference will open with a reception to delegates who will be greeted by Mr. Percival Brundage, the I.A.R.F. President. Mr. Brundage who is a Banker by profession holds at the present time an important post in the Finance administration of the U.S.A. Government.

Other important participants will include Canon Emerson of the Church of Ireland who will speak on "Liberal Christianity in Ireland"; Dr. Frederick Eliot of the American Unitarian Association will deal with "The Struggle for Personality in a Mechanized World". Another important theme which Professor Van Holk of Leiden will deal with is "The approach of Modern man to the struggle for World Unity".

Changed programme arrangements are being made this year so as to ensure greater opportunity for the members of the Congress to participate in discussion of the various lectures.

Further information about the Congress can be had from Mr. R. Wilkinson, 59 Knock Eden Park, Belfast, N. Ireland. It is urged that those intending to go should give early intimation because of the necessity to make travel arrangements well in advance. Mr. Wilkinson will supply information regarding travel permits and possible accommodation. There is a proposal to run a motor coach tour to interesting places in Ireland immediately after the Congress.

Among matters of concern to the I.A.R.F. is the question of gaining more individual subscribers to its organization from

among all its member groups. The annual individual subscription is ten shillings and the Rev. Kenneth Twinn of Harrison Parsonage, Bolton Road, Atherton Road, Manchester, is the collector in this country. Member-subscribers receive copies of the I.A.R.F. quarterly *News Digest*. A.P.

London: Mansford Street: The evening service on February 27 was attended by a large congregation who met to pay tribute to the memory of the Reverend Gordon Cooper, minister of the Church and Mission from 1904 to 1930, who died at Leicester on February 2. An impressive service was conducted by the present minister, the Rev. J. W. Dumble, who, in briefly outlining Mr. Cooper's work, explained that his personal acquaintance with him had been but slight and that most of his information had been gathered from those who had shared in his work and from reading reports of those years. From these sources and from impressions he had gained during his own charge of the congregation there was no lack of evidence of the value of Mr. Cooper's ministry and its great influence upon the lives of those who sat under him, and also of the esteem in which he was held. To those who were privileged to share those years with him at Mansford Street his memory will be cherished with a thankfulness and deep affection that will endure to the end.

Major J. H. Bounds, M.C.

By the death on February 17 of Major J. H. Bounds, M.C., Northern Unitarianism has lost a loyal and sturdy figure. In 1913 he went to the Unitarian College, Manchester, intending to train for our ministry. He was at the Homes at Great Hucklow when in August, 1914, the Great War broke out. At once he volunteered, joining the R.A.M.C. During the war he was awarded the Military Cross and was in charge of the 2/3rd East Lancs Field Ambulance. On the cessation of hostilities he decided to embark upon a business career, and despite setbacks and early struggles he established J. H. Bounds Ltd. and saw it grow into one of the largest concerns in its particular field.

Despite his many activities he never ceased to be concerned with the welfare of his old College and eventually he served it for two years as President, and when the Joint Liaison Scheme was in operation he served as Chairman of the Finance Committee, devoting a great deal of time and anxious thought to the many perplexing problems concerned with the future of the Colleges. His was not just the interest of an official President, but the concern of one who holding the ministry in the highest regard, had an interest in every student in the College.

He was a prominent Freemason, being a past Provincial Grand Warden of the East Lancashire Province, past Master and Chaplain of one lodge, past Master of another lodge and past Provincial Principal of the Phoenix Chapter of St. Ann. He also held the Provincial office for the Chapter for the Province of Derby. For over 25 years he was a Councillor at Buxton and served the town for a year as its mayor. Early this year he was made the eleventh honorary freeman of the Borough in recognition of his devoted services over many years.

He took a great interest in the Scout movement and for the past eight years had been President of the 1st Buxton Scout Troop. Nor did he forget his old colleagues of the First World War, forming the organization of ex-members of his Field Ambulance Unit. He was a keen angler and an enthusiastic gardener.

At all times he worked for good causes and had the happy knack of finding the encouraging word at a difficult time. He sought no honours for himself but was ever ready to praise the efforts of others. A man of deep spirituality and a broad liberal outlook, he was in all things generous yet stood firm and unflinchingly for the right as he saw it. The cause at Buxton has lost a faithful and generous member, and the Unitarian College will not readily find so devoted an alumnus.

The funeral service at Buxton was conducted by Dr. Meyer-Klugel, the address was given by the Rev. John Kieley, and the presence of the Mayor, the Council and representatives of all walks of public life were ample testimony to the high regard in which Jimmy Bounds was held. The Committal at Stockport Crematorium was designated "Private," but the Chapel was filled to capacity by representatives of the College and business and public life. A Memorial Service was conducted by the Rev. F. Kenworthy at Cross Street, Manchester, on February 25, for business associates, and one for employers, also at Cross Street, on February 28. On both occasions the chapel was filled to capacity. J.K.

Death

Johnson—Dr. Lillie Johnson, of Jarrow, passed quietly away at Stratham, London, on March 4, 1955.

THE CALENDAR OF THE CHURCHES

SUNDAY, MARCH 13, 1955

ABERDARE, Highland Place, 11 and 6, Rev. D. JACOB DAVIS
 ALTRINCHAM, Unitarian Church, Skene Street, 11 and 6, Rev. GORDON BEVERLEY
 ALTRINCHAM, Dunham Road Chapel, 11 and 6, Rev. ARTHUR W. VALLANCE
 AINSWORTH, Unitarian Church, Knowsley Road, 11.15 and 3, Rev. B. GILL
 ASTLEY, Unitarian Chapel, Manchester Road, 6.30, Rev. SYDNEY H. KNIGHT
 BATH, Trim Street Chapel, Unitarian, 6.30, Rev. FRANCIS TERRY
 BELFAST, All Souls, Elmwood Avenue, 11.30 and 7, Dr. A. L. AONEW
 BELFAST, First Church, Rosemary Street, 11.30, Miss JANET LACEY, 7, Dr. H. J. McCLACHLAN
 BESSLES GREEN (nr. Sevenoaks), Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. JOHN KIULTY
 BILLINGSHURST, Free Church, High Street, 11.15, Rev. J. MARTIN HALL
 BIRKENHEAD, Unitarian Church, Beasborough Road, 6.30, Rev. MAURICE JOHNSON
 BIRMINGHAM, Church of Messiah, Broad Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. LEMER SHORT
 BIRMINGHAM, Waverley Road Church, and Hurst Street Mission, Small Heath, 6.30, Rev. ALUN WILLIAMS
 BLACKPOOL, North Shore, Dickson Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Mrs. F. WAGER
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore, Lytham Road, 11 and 6.30, —
 BOLTON, Bank Street, 2.30, Sunday School, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. J. GORDON DAVIES
 BOLTON, Halliwell Road Free Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. J. W. MAW
 BOLTON, Unity Church, Deane Road, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. ARTHUR J. LONG
 BOSTON (Linca.), Unitarian Chapel, Spain Lane, 6.30, Supply
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill Road, 11, Rev. LAWRENCE REDFERN
 BRADFORD, Broadway Avenue, 3.15, Mr. W. LLOYD
 BRADFORD, Town Hall Square, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. FRANK A. BULLOCK
 BRIDGWATER, Christ Church, Dampier Street, 2.30, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. W. H. CORDELL
 BRIDPORT, Unitarian Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. RANDALL JONES
 BRIGHTON, Christ Church Unitarian, New Road, 11 and 6.30, Mr. JOHN ROWLAND
 BRISTOL, Lewin's Mead Meeting, 6.30, Rev. A. H. BIRTLES
 BRISTOL, Oakfield Road, 11, Rev. A. H. BIRTLES, 6.30, Miss FLORENCE BRADFIELD
 BURNLEY, Unitarian Church, Trafalgar Street, 3, Rev. W. HILL WARREN
 BURY, Bank Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. M. RYDE
 CAMBRIDGE, Memorial Church, Emmanuel Road, 11 and 6, Rev. H. STEWART CARTER
 CARDIFF, The West Grove Unitarian Church, 11, —, 6.30, —
 CARLISLE, Unitarian Church, Lorne Street, 2.15, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. F. D. JONES
 CHATHAM, The Church of the Great Companions, Hamond Hill, 3, Mr. P. B. GODFREY
 CHELTENHAM, Bayhill Unitarian Church, Royal Well, 11, Study Service, 3, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. BARBARA THOMAS
 CHESTERFIELD, Elder Yard Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. G. STANLEY WHITBY
 CHOWMONT CHAPEL, Artherton, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH TWINN
 COBBLEY, Staffs., Old Meeting House, Old Meeting Road, 11 and 6.30, Mr. P. J. SPENCER
 COVENTRY, Holyhead Road, 11 (Junior Church), and 6.30, —
 CREWE, Free Christian Church, Beech Street, 6.30, Supply
 CREWKERNE, Unitarian Church, Hermitage Street, 11 and 6.30, Mrs. M. R. DICKIN
 CROYDON, Free Christian Church, Wellesley Road, 11, Rev. J. P. CHALK (Also 6.30 1st Sunday in month)
 DEAN ROW, 10.45, Rev. A. B. DOWNING, SYDAL, 6.30, Rev. A. B. DOWNING
 DENTON, Wilton Street Chapel, 11, Children's Chapel, and 6.30, Rev. F. COTTER
 DERRY, Friar Gate Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Rev. A. D. WILLIAMS
 DITCHING, Old Meeting House, 10.45, Dr. ELZA WATERS
 DUNCASTER, Free Christian Church, Hall Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEO. W. PARKINSON
 DOVER, Adrian Street, Unitarian Church, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Rev. E. G. GREEN
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green, West, 11.30 and 7.30, Rev. E. SAVILL HICKS
 DUDLEY, Old Meeting House, Wolverhampton Street, 11 and 6.30, Supply
 DUKINFIELD, Old Chapel, Chapel Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. SYDNEY P. WHITEHOUSE
 EDINBURGH, St. Mark's Church, Castle Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. B. TAVENOR
 EXETER, George's Chapel, South St., 6.30, Rev. RALPH PHILIPSON
 GEE CROSS, Hyde Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. HARRY SMITH
 GLASGOW, St. Vincent Street Unitarian Church, 11, Dr. JANE DARROCK
 GLOSOP, Unitarian Church, Fitzalan St., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. GRAHAM SHORT
 GUILDFORD, Ward Street Church, 11.15, Rev. R. NICOL CROSS
 HALE CHAPEL, Hale Barns, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN STORER
 HALIFAX, Northgate End, 3.15, Rev. REGINALD SORRESEN
 HASTINGS, Free Christian Church, South Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. DENNIGH HILTON
 HINCKLEY, Great Meeting, Baines Lane, 11 Rev. RALPH E. GODDARD and 6, Miss G. L. KNIGHTON
 HOBKHAM, Worthing Road 6.30, Rev. J. MARTIN HALL
 HUDERSFIELD, Fitzwilliam Street, No Service
 HULL, Park Street Church (Unitarian), 6.30, Mr. E. E. STRACHAN
 ISLE OF WIGHT, NEW-PORT, Unitarian Christian Ch., 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. J. CARTER
 KENDAL, Market Place Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. PETER
 KNOTTSFORD, Brook Street, Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. STANLEY MORRIS
 KIDDERMINSTER, New Meeting House, 11 Rev. H. WESTER and 6.30, Rev. C. SIMPSON
 LANCASTER, St. Nicholas Street Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. I. HALL
 LEEDS, Mill Hill Chapel, City Square, 10.45, Dr. R. W. WILKE, 6.30, Student, U.C.M.
 LEICESTER, Narborough Road, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Mr. C. V. WALTON
 LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, East Road Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. LEONARD MASON
 LEITCHFORTH, Vinegate Hill, Gernon Walk, 11, Local Arrangements
 LEWIS, Westgate Chapel, 11, Rev. W. J. McELDOWNEY
 LINCOLN, High Street, Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Rev. H. W. KEMMELL
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Testeth, 11 and 6.30, Dr. P. N. TINDALL
 LIVERPOOL, Boole Free Church, 6.30, —
 LIVERPOOL, Domestic Mission, Mill Street, 6.30, Rev. J. KEIR MURREN
 LIVERPOOL, Grosvenor Chapel, 11, Mr. D. PATTERSON
 LIVERPOOL, Hamilton Road, Everton, 3, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. B. I. GOLLAND
 LIVERPOOL, Hope Street, 6.30, Supply
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. SHREVELL PRICE
 LONDON, Bell Street, Edgeware Road, 6, Rev. WALTER M. LONG
 LONDON, Blackfriars Mission and Stamford Street Chapel, 6.30, Rev. DONALD F. MAW
 LONDON, Brinsford, Effra Road, 11, Rev. E. G. LEE
 LONDON, Essex Church, Palace Gardens Terrace, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30
 Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE
 LONDON, Finner Gate, Upson Lane, 6.30, Rev. JOHN KELLY
 LONDON, Golden Green, Hoop Lane, 11, Rev. K. C. TRACHER, 6.30, Rev. DUDLEY RICHARDS
 LONDON, Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham Place, 6.30, Rev. F. HANFORD
 LONDON, Hampstead, Rosalyn Hill, 11, Rev. DONALD F. MAW
 LONDON, Highgate Hill Unitarian Church, 11, Mr. GLEN J. PRICE, 6.30, Rev. K. C. TRACHER
 LONDON, Hford High Road, 6.30, Rev. J. P. ORRILL
 LONDON, Islington Unitarian Church, Upper Street Prison Hall, 6.30, Rev. A. V. FOX
 LONDON, Kilburn, Unionist Christian Church, Quest Road, 11, Rev. A. V. FOX
 LONDON, Lewisham Unitarian Church, High Street, 11, Dr. A. D. BELDEN
 LONDON, Leybourne, Lea Bridge Road, Kew Green, 11, Children's Service, 6.30, Rev. W. WATKINSON
 LONDON, Mosefield Street Church, Bedford Green, 6.30, Rev. J. W. DENNIS
 LONDON, Richmond Free Church, Overland Road, 11, Rev. WALTER M. LONG

LONDON, Stratford, West Ham Lane Unitarian Church, 11.30, Children's Church 6.30, Dr. A. D. BELDEN
 LONDON, Wandsworth Unitarian Church, East Hill, 11, Rev. ARTHUR PEACOCK (Also 6.30, 1st Sunday in the month)
 LONDON, Welsh Unitarian Ch. at Highgate Hill Unitarian Ch., 1st and 3rd Sundays 6, Rev. T. L. JONES
 LONDON, Wood Green, Unity Church, Newnham Road, 6.30, Rev. G. J. G. GRIVET
 LYTHAM ST. ANNES (Ansdell), Unitarian Church, Channing Road, 11 and 6.30, —
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Market Buildings, 6.30, Mrs. MURIEL HILTON
 MANCHESTER, Blackley, Unitarian Church, Chapel Lane, 6.30, Mr. DAVID C. DOEL
 MANCHESTER, Cross Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. F. KENWORTHY
 MANCHESTER, Gorton, Brookfield Church, Hyde Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. MAURICE BONNER
 MANCHESTER, Monton Church, Eccles, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. D. T. EVANS
 MANCHESTER, Pendleton Unitarian, Cross Lane, 6.30, Rev. T. W. ROBERTS
 MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, Rusholme, 6.30, Rev. JOHN GILL
 MANCHESTER, Renshaw Street Mission, 6.30, Supply
 MANCHESTER, Stand Chapel, Whitefield, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. G. D. FOOTE
 MANCHESTER, Wilbraham Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, 11, —
 MANCHESTER, Wythenshawe, Unitarian Church, Brownlow Road, Benchill, 11, Miss K. TOOTILL, 6.30, Mr. W. NEEDHAM
 MANSFIELD, Old Meeting House, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH SHERRATT
 MARPLE, Unitarian Hall, 31 Stockport Road, 3 each Sunday
 MEXBOROUGH, Free Christian Church, 6.30, Rev. E. A. DAVIES
 MIDDLETON, Old Road Chapel, 6, Supply
 MORECAMBE (see Lancaster)
 MORETONHAMPTSTEAD, 3, and NEWTON ABBOT, 6.30, Rev. C. G. TOONE
 MOSSLEY, Christian Church, Stamford Road, 10.45 and 6, Student
 NANTWICH, Old Chapel, 6, Supply
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, The Church of the Divine Unity, Ellison Place, 11 and 6.30
 Rev. J. H. CORAM DAVIES
 NEWCHURCH (Rossendale), Bethlehem Unitarian Church, 10.30 and 6, Rev. E. B. SHORT
 NORTHAMPTON, Kettering Road Church, 6.30, Mr. G. WILKINSON
 NORWICH, Octagon Chapel, Colegate, 11, Rev. J. A. KENNEDY
 NOTTINGHAM, High Pavement Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. GORDON BOLAM
 OLDBURY, Unitarian Church, Birmingham Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. HAROLD A. GORE
 OLDHAM, Lord Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. T. E. NUTTALL
 OXFORD, Manchester College Chapel, 11.30, The Rev. THE PRINCIPAL
 PADHAM, Nazareth Unitarian Church, Knight Hill, 10.30 and 6, Rev. W. HILL WARREN
 PARK LANE CHAPEL, near Wigan, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALBERT SMITH
 PLYMOUTH, Unitarian Centre, Houndcombe Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. H. KERRELY
 POOLE, Unitarian Church, Hill Street, 11.15, Junior Church, 6.30, Rev. ERNEST PENN
 PORTSMOUTH, Friends' Meeting House, Fratton Bridge, 6.30, Mr. J. R. STURGES
 PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church Street, 6.30, —
 RINGWOOD, Hanis, The Meeting House, 6.30, Mr. ERIC KAY
 ROCHEDALE, Blackwater Street, 10.30 and 6, Rev. WILLIAM BEER (Services in the Clover Street School)
 ROTHERHAM, Church of Our Father, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. N. J. TEAPE
 SALE, Atkinson Road, 11, Rev. JOHN GILL
 SCARBOROUGH, Unitarian Church, Westborough, 10.30, Rev. W. T. WILKINS
 SHEFFIELD (Attercliffe), 6.30, Dr. F. T. WOOD
 SHEFFIELD, Fulwood Old Chapel, 11, Rev. F. SOKELL
 SHEFFIELD, Unity Church, Crookesmoor Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. D. DAVIES
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ERIC SHAW
 SHERWESBURY, High Street, Unitarian, 11 and 6.30, Supply
 SEDMOUTH, High Street, Unitarian, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. C. NEWTON
 SOUTHAMPTON, Kell Memorial Hall, Belle Vue Road, 6, Rev. H. J. ROBINSON
 SOUTHERN-ON-SEA, Darnley Road, 11, Children's Church, 6.30, Mr. S. R. MARTIN
 SOUTHPORT, Portland Street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. T. J. JONES
 STOCKPORT, Unitarian Church, St. Peter's Gate, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. I. HODGSON
 STOCKPORT-ON-TEES, Wellington Street, 6.30, Rev. F. W. BARR
 STOURBRIDGE, Presbyterian Unitarian Chapel, 11, Rev. CHARLES SIMPSON, 6.30, Supply
 SWANSEA, Pennard Free Christian Meeting House, 11, Rev. B. VINEY
 SWANSEA, Unitarian Church, High Street, 6.30, Rev. B. VINEY (also 11, First Sunday in the month)
 SWINTON, Swinton Hall Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. H. TITTLE
 TAINTON, Mary St. Chapel, 11, Rev. W. H. CORDELL, 2.30, Sunday School
 TENTERDEN, Old Meeting House, Ashford Road, 6.30, Rev. G. KERRELY
 TONMORDEN, Unitarian Church, 10.45 and 6, Mr. DONALD MILLS
 TORQUAY, Unity Church, Montpelier Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES EASTON
 TROWBRIDGE, Congreg Unitarian Church, 11 (1st Sunday in month) and 6, Rev. A. F. O. THOMAS
 WALLASEY, Memorial Church, Manor Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR W. HILL
 WARRINGTON, Cairo Street, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. ERIC WILD
 WATFORD, Friends' House, Church Road (by permission), 7.30, (Last Sunday in the month)
 WEST BROMWICH, Lodge Road, 11, Children's Church, 6.15, Mr. W. W. WENBURY
 WEST KESWY, Brookfield Gardens, 11, Rev. MAURICE JOHNSON, 6.30, Miss H. DENCH-Williams
 WHITBY, Flowergate, 6, Rev. W. T. WILKINS
 YORK, St. Salvator's Chapel, 6.30, Rev. T. BRETT DAVIES
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CANADA
 MONTREAL, Church of the Messiah, Sherbrooke Street West, and Simpson Street 11, Rev. ANDREW CANNON
 TORONTO, First Unitarian Church 175 St. Clair Avenue West, 11, Rev. W. P. JONES
 VANCOUVER, B. C. Unitarian Church of Vancouver, 1550 Tenth Avenue West 11, Rev. JOHN A. CLARK

NEW ZEALAND
 AUCKLAND, Unitarian Church, Ponsonby Road, 11 and 7, Rev. E. H. MORRIS
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Stalybridge Unitarian Church and Sunday School

RAINBOW BAZAAR

Friday and Saturday, March 18th and 19th, 1955

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To be Opened on Friday, March 18th, at 6.30 p.m. by

MRS. THOMPSON

with MR. HAROLD THOMPSON in the Chair

To be Opened on Saturday, March 19th, at 2.30 p.m. by

The Right Hon. J. CHUTE EDE, C.H., J.P., D.L., M.P.

with Mr. FRED BLACKBURN, J.P., M.P., in the Chair

By the proceeds of the Bazaar it is hoped to complete the re-railing of the Church grounds, also to meet the costs of extensive repairs to the roof of the School Hall after dry-rot damages. Such work will approximately cost £800. Donations will be gratefully acknowledged by: Miss J. Smith (Treasurer of the Church) at 9 Groby Street, Stalybridge; Mr. F. Schofield (Treasurer of the Sunday School) at 11 Hamilton Street, Stalybridge.

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THE ORDER OF THE GREAT COMPANIONS

Hertha's Chapel, Meopham Green, Kent.

Oxford: At the commencement of the meeting of the Martineau Club on March 19 at Manchester College, those present stood in silence as a mark of respect to the memory of Dr. L. P. Jacks, once an enthusiastic officer of the Club.

Dr. R. W. Wilde, Tate Lecturer in Homiletics and Pastoralia at Manchester College, gave a discourse on "Humour and the Humorous" in which he discussed types of humour and theories of laughter. He emphasized the place and purpose of humour in the economy of emotional life as teaching us to appreciate incongruities and to be tolerant towards ourselves and towards others.

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